

THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

SEAMEN'S CHAPEL AT HAVRE.

[The following letter from Rev. Dr. Sawtell was not designed by him for publication, but simply to furnish information to the Board as to the present condition of his station. It gives minute details both respecting his field, and his sacrifices there, which he would otherwise probably have omitted. We cannot, however, but judge it the more interesting from this very fact; and we commend the narrative to our friends as affording them a lucid view of what a foreign chaplaincy of this Society is, and also at what expense of toil, and faith, and sacrifice it is maintained. Shall this faithful and beloved brother be left by the two foremost commercial nations in the world to struggle on still amid such embarrassments?]

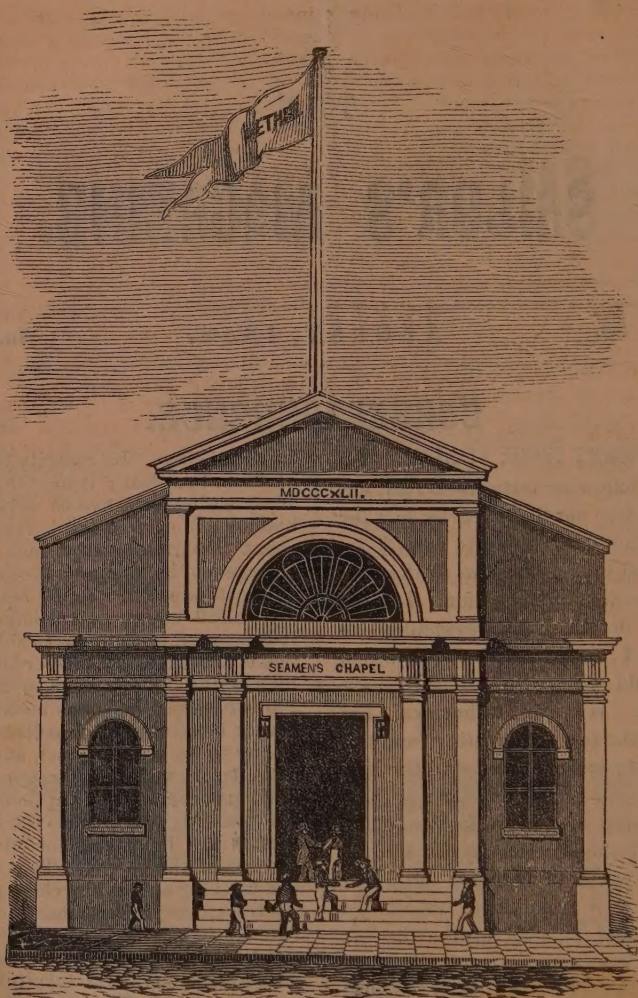
HAVRE, April 20, 1858.

REV. I. P. WARREN,

Dear Brother: Your letter of 2d inst. came duly to hand, and I hasten to give you the information you desire so far as it is possible.

1. *Our Bethel*, which was erected about fifteen years ago, at a cost of eleven thousand dollars, including the lot of ground, is built of the most durable materials, the front of stone, the side and rear walls of brick, covered with slate, and is warmed by a

furnace below. Its capacity is 65 feet by 36 in the clear; it has 60 pews or slips, seating from five to seven each, besides a few extra seats. It will seat about 370 comfortably, and in any emergency, by opening the doors of the vestibule and placing seats in it, 400 or 450 might be accommodated. It is also left so as to put in side galleries when necessary. Over the vestibule is the library room, with about 200 volumes of religious books. This library I collected when collecting the money to build the chapel, and it has proved very useful in accommodating religious captains while at their hotels and boarding houses, also such residents as are in attendance upon the services of the chapel. This room is also used for our Bible class, prayer-meetings, inquiring meetings, &c. The Bethel is lighted with gas at night, and by windows in the roof through the day. Its furniture is of but little value. The organ was given by a few friends in London—cost about £100—and has been of great service in leading the congregational singing, the only use in my opinion to which an organ should ever be put. Two plain chandeliers hang from the ceiling, or rather, they are but the gas-pipes extended and arranged with burners. Our communion service consists of five pieces of light silver-plated ware, costing about \$20; four chairs, and a few strips of cheap carpet along the isles and around the pulpit, with one little table and the



HAVRE CHAPEL.

benches in the library room, altogether worth perhaps \$5, constitute the entire furniture.

Repairs.—These have been very trifling, as will be seen by my annual financial reports. My plan is to charge all these little expenses to the Society at New York, but at the same time endeavor to stir up the minds of the people here to increase the amount of their Sabbath collections, and then to credit the Society with whatever they give, trying and hoping always to make the receipts overbalance these

contingent expenses. This year, however, they have fallen sadly behind. The fact is, that all the residents here who attend the Bethel, and are friendly to its interests, are very poor. The two families of M——, are, to be sure, exceptions, but they very properly feel that their first and greatest obligations are to their own French Protestant Church, that is struggling against the tide of German neology.

Number of Weekly Services.—I preach twice every Sabbath, have a Wednesday evening prayer meeting at the

sailor's reading room, and multiply other weekly meetings according to circumstances. For some three months last summer I had the Bethel open three evenings every week, for expounding the Scriptures and prayer. Then when certain families left the city, and the few pious sailors left port, and I began to be left quite alone, I changed my tactics, and gave myself up more entirely to personal visitation, and talking and praying with individuals and distributing tracts. Then again, I sometimes have an extra prayer meeting immediately after divine service on Sabbath evenings, especially when I know that there are praying sailors present, to give them an opportunity to speak, tell something of their experience, or give a word of exhortation. Then again, I have on several occasions held a prayer meeting at the different mates' and sailors' boarding houses; and *once* only on a ship in port. A pious old Scotchman, commanding a ship to the Crimea, came into this port for freight, and we had a good time on his ship. But to have any set stereotyped forms, times or seasons for doing good here in Havre, would be as unwise as for a Mississippi pilot to resolve upon steering his boat exactly by the points of his compass, regardless of the ever-shifting sands beneath him.

Numbers in attendance.—As variable as the winds that blow—from 20 up to 350. Seldom, however, so few as 20, and probably seldom over 300. I would say, that during the last six months 200 has been about an average congregation, and about one-third sailors. The sailor part of the congregation is of course more fluctuating than that of residents.

Conversions.—It is difficult to speak with any degree of definiteness on this subject, yet I have noted down some six or seven that gave me hope that they had passed from death unto life within the last year. Most of these cases were at the hospital, and left before making any public profession. The religious state of the congregation as a whole was never more encouraging. The increase of the congregation, the deep and solemn feeling that pervades it, the tearful eye that is often noticed, and the number of young persons that seek an

interview with me to talk of their soul's salvation, have led a number to exclaim, "May we not call this a revival of religion?" Of course such remarks could be made only by those who have never witnessed such glorious scenes as you are now beholding among you in the U. States.

Colportage.—I keep a constant supply of Bibles, Testaments and tracts. With the latter I have been very bountifully supplied from England and Scotland since my return to Havre; and though I am not very punctilious about noting down what I do, or the number of tracts I distribute, yet judging from the number I have brought over with me from time to time, and which have been sent me, and the amount I now have on hand, I have a tolerably fair data upon which to calculate, that I have distributed among sailors, with my own hand, during the past three years, not far from 20,000 pages, some 30 Bibles and 120 Testaments. I set out with the determination that no American ship should enter this port and leave without receiving a visit from me; but my frequent calls to England, and other pressing duties showed me how vain was such a purpose; yet, while in that line I have done what I could. I have discovered that as a field of usefulness, and as a means of doing good, it bears no comparison to that of

Visiting the Sick at the Hospital.—Here I have found a wide field, and my visits have been constant and unremitting—governed of course by circumstances, number of cases, particular state of mind, &c., &c. Sometimes every day in the week, and if I have been permitted to see any fruit of my labors—any hopeful buddings of an awaked conscience, or penitent, broken spirit, I think I have found it there.

Sailor's Home.—We have none that is worthy of that name. Some quite respectable boarding houses for mates. I have tried much, and talked much about a Sailor's Home, established on the right basis, but the conclusion seems to be that it will be a vain attempt, till crews are shipped upon such terms that the masters shall have the same control over them while in port as at sea.

Church Organization.—We have none that would bear that name. Nothing more than a little book, or list of the names of such as are professed Christians, and who attend the ministrations at the Bethel, and commune at our regular "Communion Sabbaths," which are the first Sabbath of every other month, that is *six times* in the year. At present we have thirty-three resident members of our communion. Of these, six are connected with the sea: an English captain and wife, an American captain and wife, a wife of another American captain, and the wife of an English engineer. Yet, it is generally the case, that at our communions, the non-resident communicants far out number the residents. Everything is conducted in the most simple, primitive manner. Mr. Polman, our sexton, receives the bread and cup from my hands, and presents them to the members, as do the deacons in the Congregational or the elders in the Presbyterian churches; and it is generally a very tender scene to witness Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians all seated, with weeping eyes and loving, throbbing hearts, around one common table of their Lord and Master—strangers in a strange land, most of them strangers to each other—yet bound together by one common tie, one golden chain of faith, hope and charity, never to be broken.

Support and Funds.—My last report shows the receipts here at Havre. I also refer you to a little schedule of my receipts from England, made out 26th of last June, 1857; since that time I have received from Mr. Stoddard of Glasgow, in the month of October 31, - - - £11 3
March 27, 1858, from Mr. Ferguson of London, - - - 50 0

Total, - - - £61 3

Sixty-one pounds three shillings is the sum total of all my receipts from British Christians, since making out that schedule, consequently Mr. Monod's books show a balance against me of over five thousand francs, which, with over another thousand of unpaid bills, leaves me here minus over six thousand francs, (or \$1,200.) The fact is, two thousand dollars, with the

present extravagant high prices, does not support us, with the utmost economy we can use to keep my head above water. I sold my little cottage at Cleveland, drew \$700 of that, borrowed \$500 from my father-in-law, and brought \$600 with me of my own private funds, making eighteen hundred dollars out of my own pocket, besides a barrel of hams and other little things I have ordered from time to time, and still the result is as stated above. Has any one else done as much to sustain the Havre cause? Ought I to do it much longer?

This Havre Mission has warm and firm friends in England and Scotland. They think it an important station.—And the little committees in Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester and London have promised to raise £200 per annum for its support, but there being no organization—no constitution by which to perpetuate their existence, it will of necessity require frequent visits and much correspondence to keep life in them: and my duties have been so pressing, so increasingly important, that I have been reluctant to leave during the last year.

If there was any organized society in England, whose constitution would allow them to take Havre, and this Havre Bethel under their wing, I should think it best, owing to its proximity to England, to hand it over to British Christians. But there being no such organization, I see no other alternative but for the American Seamen's F. Society to hold on. It is certainly too important a field to be given up. And furthermore, I can see before our Society but a simple choice between two evils, either to send a young, single man here, who can live on a hundred dollars per month, and thus enable him to stick closely at his post—or, as at present, keep an old man here with his family, and with full liberty to spend so much time in England, as is necessary for the stirring up of their pure minds on this subject. There is certainly something very pleasant in the idea of two great Protestant nations working together in this way—and so far as my little influence goes, I endeavor to cultivate the most kind and friendly intercourse, and strengthen the bonds that ought

to hold us together. So these little visits to England and Scotland, may do some little good in more ways than one.

P. S.—Tuesday, April 27.—I preached last Sabbath from the text—"Is the Lord among us, or not?" "Revivals," was my theme, in which I narrated and wove into my discourse a few of the most touching facts from the glorious work of God, in our beloved country. Great solemnity pervaded the assembly, and not a few wept. Three individuals have since called on me, deeply anxious about their soul's salvation—all three are young persons residing here at Havre, and have attended my ministry for the last year. Who can tell but that God's reviving Spirit may yet cross the waters, and manifest his power even here in France! "*O Lord, revive thy work,*" is my daily earnest prayer.

You may remember some time ago an article in the Magazine, in which I alluded to an overpowering impression that impelled me to preach from the text "*Jesus, thou Son of David have mercy upon me,*" in which sermon I alluded to the many difficulties in the way of coming to Christ, and the importance of "crying a great deal the more, Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me,"—that I afterwards found out that a young man was present who wept very much, and who was the son of Roman Catholic parents, who opposed his attendance upon Protestant worship, &c. &c. That young man died last week a *happy triumphant death*. He continued to attend my ministry till he was taken ill, and notwithstanding the bitter opposition of priests and parents, he would have me by his bed-side. I was with him the last day of his life. He died, discarding the whole system of that idolatrous worship in which he had been educated; and with a countenance lighted up with heavenly smiles, and with a simple, child-like faith, trusted solely in the merits of Christ's precious blood for pardon, and to his imputed righteousness for justification. The Lord make this death a blessing to multitudes.

Yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

E. N. SAWTELL.

MARSEILLES.

Letter from Rev. Mr. Mayers, Chaplain.

MARSEILLES, April 17, 1858.

We have had, and continue to have, a goodly number of American seamen thrown upon our hands as idlers, owing to the great stagnation, if not suppression of all business. The commercial crisis of last autumn is still felt here, and few American vessels have come to, or been dispatched from this port. There are now two loading for Boston and three for New York, which are Swedes. We have had some of your seamen in the Sailor's Home for the last three months, and if it were not for that refuge, they might starve and sleep in the streets.

Among them is one man—a colored man—named Frank T—— of New Bedford; he is married, and his wife and family are now in that place. He was once a professing christian, but one, who, like many of his class, proved unfaithful to his profession. I trust that the detention here, which he and others have experienced, will prove permanently salutary and beneficial to their souls. T——, more than others, attends the house of God. Col. Morgan, the American Consul, told me but yesterday that he had sent home, on Saturday last, six distressed seamen, as he found it so difficult to get berths for them.

I have now for upwards of two months been attending the sick bed of a seaman—a man of color—named Joseph W——, a native of Norfolk, Va., or rather of Creny Island, near that town; the most intelligent negro I ever met with. It was early in Feb., while visiting the public hospital, and addressing our English seaman, I observed this man listening with earnest attention to what I said. Going to his bed-side and saying a few words, I was told by him "I am a Catholic," and in such a tone as to intimate he would rather not listen to me. Subsequently, however, on repeating my visits, he requested that I would converse with him and supply him with a Bible. He owned, that though his father and mother were strict Romanists, he had his misgivings about the truth of their creed; that in his

wanderings he had occasionally attended the teaching of the Wesleyans; that he knew something of the Gospel and of a sinner's salvation, through the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and that he now desired to become better instructed in the doctrine of grace, and to renounce the errors of the church of Rome. As a test of his sincerity, he immediately allowed me to go up to the Sisters of Charity, who attended the ward in which he is confined to his sick bed, and to declare that he has embraced the Protestant faith, and to change the inscription that is placed by the side of each patient, describing their creed and to put instead of "Catholic," "Protestant." And here I must observe, that this act is not to be regarded as a small or slight sacrifice; it is notorious, such is the bigotry of the hospital authorities, that Romanists are much better treated than Protestants on this ground. I have known many and many a Protestant that passed himself off for a Romanist in order to enjoy certain indulgences which would otherwise have been denied him.

I do believe that a work of grace is going on in the soul of Joseph. The poor fellow continues very ill; he has now been in the hospital since 9th of Feb. His neck is swollen all round to such an extent that it is level with his chin, and both his arms are nearly paralyzed and wasted away to mere skeletons. I doubt whether he will ever recover. His ills are the effects of sinful indulgences; he served long on board of an American whaler, the *Brutus*, Capt. Swift, and came here in the brig *Brothers*, Capt. Fernandez, from New York, via Lisbon.

To give you some notion of his state of mind, I would mention the following conversation that passed between us on Saturday last. I asked him how he felt in his mind. He, mistaking my meaning, replied, "Very uneasy. I am lying here, indefinitely, and eating up all my money." I told him that I was inquiring as to his state of mind in reference to God and eternity. Upon which he said, "I know, Sir, that 'except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God,' and I cannot think of myself that I am

born again; I am a great and fearful sinner; and last night, while I was in a doze, but not asleep, I saw myself, as plainly as I now see you, in the flames of hell, and I am very miserable." You may suppose that I did all I possibly could to comfort the poor fellow with the blessed promises of the gospel of the grace of God, and to assure him, that in mercy to his soul, God had thus afflicted him, to bring him home as a good shepherd to his fold, and that, when once given to the Lord Jesus, nothing will be able to pluck him out of the Father's hands.

I saw him this morning, and found him in a very comfortable frame of mind. I take great interest, and so does your Consul, Col. Morgan, in the man. He is most intelligent and very thankful for what is done for him.

I am, my dear brother,

Yours most faithfully,

M. JOHN MAYERS.

HONOLULU.

Letter from Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain.

HONOLULU, 17th March, 1858.

Yesterday, the "Morning Star," went upon her second trip to the Marquesas Islands. She went fully freighted. The Rev. A. Bishop, the venerable missionary of Ewa, on this island, went as a Delegate. He came to the islands more than thirty years ago, and now for the first time goes abroad. These trips of the "Morning Star" to Micronesia and Marquesas, furnish an excellent opportunity for the missionaries who desire relaxation and recruiting, to visit other islands of Polynesia. Their presence in those new and uncultivated regions, is encouraging to younger missionaries who have just entered these difficult and laborious fields.

Respecting the usefulness of this little vessel in the prosecution of the missionary enterprise there is no doubt. The two trips made under command of Capt. Moore, have been eminently successful. His report, now being published in the "Pacific Commercial Advertiser," reflects credit upon him as a skillful navigator and christian shipmaster. If possible, I

hope you will find space for it in the columns of the Magazine. When Capt. Moore left the vessel, he had an excellent set of officers and sailors, all of whom were much attached to him. I have never heard a sailor speak otherwise than with esteem and respect of Capt. Moore, as a good seaman and christian man.

Allow me, through the columns of the Magazine, to acknowledge a barrel of valuable articles for our Sailor's Home, furnished by the Young Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society of Lyme, N. Hampshire, Mary Churchill, Secretary. These articles consisted of sheets, pillow cases, spreads, blankets, &c.—Upon one bed-cover I noticed the following memorandum:—"Made by Abigail Converse, Lyme, N. H., aged 66. The most of the filling was raveled and wound in the dark, whilst others slept. Acts. iii. 6." The scriptural allusion indicates, that the donor belongs to that class of most estimable contributors, respecting whose donations the Saviour said: "Verily, I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury. For all they, did cast in of their abundance; but she, of her want, did cast in all that she had."—If the good lady's eye should ever glance over this paragraph, I hope she will pardon me for thus specifying her particular gift; and I trust the young ladies of the Seamen's Friend Society in Lyme, N. H., will not imagine that their gifts are not fully appreciated, because that of their elder sister has attracted the most notice! The fact, however, should be continually kept in mind, that the chief value of a gift or donation in God's sight, results from the *motive* prompting it. The good motive enhances the value of even the poor widow's two mites, as well as the rich man's princely donation!

In this connection I will acknowledge a gift of another description. I refer to a library sent out from Boston, for our Sailor's Home. The books, some twelve hundred volumes, were gathered and forwarded by Capt. T. V. Sullivan, marine missionary of Boston. The labor and trouble of collecting so many volumes, and of packing them for shipping, must have been

very great. He must have been unwearied in his exertions, for I notice that the books came from various towns, viz.: Lawrence, Nashua, Salem, Springfield, Worcester, and other places. The good ladies of Dorchester, Mass., placed one hundred dollars in Capt. Sullivan's hands for the purchase of books, as his taste and judgment might dictate. Well did he execute the trust confided to him. I cannot select words, or find language in which to give expression to my feelings, in view of the intrinsic value of this library. The books are all good, but many of them very choice and valuable. They came out in the "Morning Star", nearly one year ago; and during all this time I have been drawing from the collection. Not a few of these books, are just what I should have ordered, if my means would have allowed. While I desire to thank Capt. Sullivan and the various donors, in the name of seamen for whom the library was particularly designed, I would also thank them *in my own behalf*. I consider that, virtually, a thousand volumes have been added to my *private* library. For a long time to come, this library will confer gratification and pleasure upon boarders at the Home, inmates of the hospital, myself, and whoever else may read them. As yet, Honolulu cannot boast of a large public library. It is a *desideratum*, which every one of any literary taste deeply laments. We are tolerably well supplied with books and newspapers for ordinary reading, but we sadly feel the need of books for reference. I hope to see the time when some benevolent person will found a public library in this city. In the meantime, however, such helps as the library of the Sailor's Home will answer very important purposes. I am gratified to learn from the young man who has charge of the Reading Room and Library, that he has many applications for books from boarders, and seamen at the hospital. I do all in my power to encourage a taste for reading among seamen. Many of them are great readers. Would that all shipmasters had the good taste to do as one did whom I knew, who on leaving upon a long voyage, purchased Harper's Family Library, and read all

the volumes while aboard. He was a most intelligent and interesting man, and frequently the readers of the "Friend," have perused his communications, while the friends of missionaries are indebted to him, for some valuable suggestions in regard to missionary operations in Micronesia, long before the American Board sent missionaries thither.

Plenty of whale ships are now in our port, and lying "off and on," bound for the Arctic and other whaling grounds. The "Young Hero," was burnt at Lahaina a few days since; and the "Whiston," another whaler, was wrecked near our port last week.

We have but few sailors on shore. Ships are calling for men, but no white seamen are to be found, hence natives are taken. I presume one-third of all the seamen on board American whale ships are Sandwich Islanders, and natives of other portions of Polynesia. This state of things operates against our "Home," but still we are not discouraged.

Yours, truly, S. C. D.

CANADA.

[We have received the following appeal for help, in behalf of the interesting field named, which we publish for the information of the friends of the cause. It would be gratifying to the Board of the A. S. F. Society, to be furnished with the means for sending the aid called for. The importance of the field will be apparent at once.]

ST. CATHARINES, C. W., }
May 25th, 1858. }

Secretaries of the Am. Seamen's F. Society,

GENTLEMEN,

Having labored in a voluntary capacity for seven years on the Welland Ship Canal among American and British sailors, who constantly throng this important channel connecting the St. Lawrence, and I may say the Atlantic Ocean with the great inland seas of the Northwest, my conviction is, that there ought to be a chaplaincy established and sustained on this canal, at or near this place.

My present object in addressing you,

is simply to open a correspondence which, with God's blessing, may lead to good results.

Permit me first to state a few facts respecting this field of christian enterprise, of which you may not be fully aware.

This canal is 29 miles long from lake to lake, breadth 75 to 100 feet, depth 9 feet 6 inches. Number of locks 28, all except two or three within eight miles of Lake Ontario, and within three miles of St. Catharine's, which place is eleven miles from Niagara falls. Altitude of each lock 12½ feet.

The vessels passing through this canal vary in tonnage from 100 to 500 tons measurement, in form of schooners, brigs, barks and steam propellers. The following table of statistics, may serve to show the amount of business done on this canal last season, number of vessels American and British that passed up and down monthly, number of men employed, &c.:

American Vessels.

April, Amer. vessels up	89	down	19
May, " " "	93	"	119
June, " " "	203	"	192
July, " " "	198	"	157
Aug't, " " "	155	"	157
Sept., " " "	172	"	190
Oct., " " "	157	"	121
Nov., " " "	47	"	79
Dec., " " "	9	"	40

Total, American up, 1,123 down 1,075
1,075

Amer. both ways, 2,198

British Vessels.

April, Brit. vessels up,	66	down,	9
May, " " "	72	"	81
June, " " "	140	"	102
July, " " "	134	"	139
Aug., " " "	134	"	114
Sept, " " "	110	"	115
Oct., " " "	66	"	84
Nov., " " "	15	"	50
Dec., " " "	3	"	6

Total, British up, 740 down, 700
740

British both ways, 1,440
American do. 2,198

Sum total of lockages Am. & Brit. 3638

Allowing 10 men to each vessel, the aggregate would be, 36,380

Thirty-six thousand three hundred and eighty transient men.

We think this a moderate estimate, for while the smaller schooners ship but from 6 to 8 men, the large schooners, barks and brigs, require from 9 to 12 men each, and the steam propellers 20 or more, and there are several lines of these.

The above table shows the variation of the season, June giving higher numbers than any other month, amounting to 637 vessels, and 6,370 men, (*i. e.*) so many presentations of transient persons in a single month, in the order of trips up and down. Add to this number emigrants on propellers, lock-tenders, pathmen and lads who drive the teams, and the numbers would easily reach 7,000 or more. What a throng of eternity-bound beings for whom Christ died, to be reached in a single month!

We have here peculiar advantages for doing good to this important class of men. 1st. By meeting the vessels at the locks as they pass during the week, and effecting a liberal distribution of evangelical and reformatory tracts and publications; the vessels being detained in passing through, and compelled often to wait one for another, thus affording time and opportunity for reading, conversations, &c. 2nd. By tract distribution and proclamation of the Gospel on the Sabbath; the locks being closed by British law, as well as by force of the fourth commandment of the Decalogue. The profound stillness of the Sabbath along the line of the canal, greatly facilitates our glorious work. I have to say, after long experience and ample opportunity for observation and reading, that I know of no position on the American continent where greater advantages offer for doing good to this class systematically, and on an extensive scale. Last season I had the pleasure of distributing sixty thousand pages of tracts. Twice the quantity ought to be distributed this season. There is an imperious demand for increased effort. In April, (*i. e.* last month,) 384 vessels passed through, being 201 vessels more than were locked through during the corresponding month of last year.

The amount of good which ought to be done, and which can be done on this stupendous thoroughfare of commerce is incalculable.

In a subsequent communication relating to the same topic, the writer remarks:—

I can preach regularly to congregations of sailors on the Sabbath, or with very unfrequent interruptions, but have to preach on board of vessels, in the midst of fleets at Port Dalhousie or along the line of the canal, and these fleets are constantly varying their position from the lake to the mountain brow of Thorold, eight miles. Sometimes there will be in port 30 or 40 vessels on the Sabbath; and sometimes as many or more, may be found strewn along the canal for several miles, requiring much physical effort to visit them all, distribute tracts, converse with the crews, and make and fill appointments for the proclamation of the Gospel, &c. There would be no difficulty in reaching upon an average about forty vessels, say 400 sailors per Sabbath, but the labor required would be unusually arduous and exhausting. I have often been so taxed by efforts of the day, that when Sabbath evening came, I could scarcely stand upon my feet.

My services for the present season commenced the first Sabbath in May. Distribution of tracts for that month, 12,000 pages. The number of lockages through for May was 641—of these 52 were propellers, 96 brigs and barks,—four of the vessels bound for Liverpool and London, England.

I had the privilege of preaching to a large company of sailors on board one of these, "The Harmon," of Cleveland, Ohio. As the effect of great and glorious revivals of religion the past winter and spring in Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago and other western ports, as also in Oswego, the great Tyre or Tarshish of the lakes, and other eastern ports, the sailors are the more easy of access, and our work more encouraging than ever before. I seldom fail of good attendance, or of solemn and interesting meetings. "The field is ripe for the harvest." During the first half of this month, (June,) 308 vessels have passed: 49 of these were brigs and

barks, and 28 propellers. I would gladly give you a more full and minute account of matters pertaining to the present season, if I had time.

Very respectfully yours,
In the Gospel and love of Jesus,
H. WILSON.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[For the Sailor's Magazine.

REMINISCENCES OF SAILORS.

"ONE SHALL BE TAKEN, THE OTHER LEFT."

NEW YORK, May 26th, 1858.

In the year 1824, about this season, there lay in the stream off Fulton Market, a gallant bark with her cargo, her crew, and her passengers all on board waiting the arrival of her captain, with the pilot to trip her anchor then "short-a-peak," spread her canvass to the favoring breeze, and running ebb tide, and proceed to sea.

This vessel was bound to the city of St. Domingo, and was commanded by Captain Chase, of Cape Cod. The writer of this, was his first officer, and had been with Captain C. as such, several voyages. For some unforeseen reason, the master was detained until too late to get to sea, and as the sun was about down, scope was again given to the vessel's chain, and every thing made snug for the night, to await the coming of another day. The captain came on board in a shore boat about nightfall, with his clearance from the custom-house and his papers, and finding every thing ready, sent his mate on shore to leave word for the pilot to be on board by sunrise, and take us to sea.

Little did that first officer suppose that this detention of a single day, was to save his life! But so it was ordered. On reaching the shore and leaving word at the office of the pilot to be on board, an inducement was held out to the writer, that if he remained and did not go the voyage, he should have charge of a vessel. This temptation would not have availed, though apparently desirable, unless the captain had consented—between

whom and his mate was a mutual attachment, such as sailors often feel after voyages together upon the perilous deep. The captain was consulted, and remarked that it was painful to part, as he was pleased and satisfied with his first officer, but, "Sir," said he, "I cannot stand in the way of your advancement, and if you can procure another man this evening, I must reluctantly let you go, and do by you as I would be done by." Soon a substitute was obtained, who came on board about ten o'clock that night.

The next morning at sunrise, the "Hope Mary Ann," Captain Chase, sailed for St. Domingo; and as she was spreading her canvass to the breeze, (for his old officer remained with him to the last,) they bade each other farewell, never to meet on earth again. That vessel has never been heard of since! She probably foundered and went down! She was but two years old, and was a good vessel. Under what circumstances she went down, will never be known in time. Her crew all perished with the vessel—no tidings of either were ever known.

And now more than thirty years has passed away, and he who was then first officer of the "Hope Mary Ann," still lives—a sinner saved by grace! Had he been taken then, he would have been forever lost! How it was with those who went down in that vessel, eternity alone will disclose. So far as he knows, they were as thoughtless as himself.

Surely this season of the year can never pass by unheeded by him who was thus, as by a miracle, saved. And deeper and deeper may the impression of the goodness of God be written upon his heart, who for years after this signal deliverance continued in sin, despoiling the riches of that mercy

which snatched him "as a hand from the burning," though followed by a mother's prayers, until his cup was well nigh full, till the Saviour by his Spirit bid him stop and think, and constrained him by his matchless love to turn, and not forever die.

O, for such love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.

R. G.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

SAILORS SOUGHT AFTER.

What a change has recently come over the spirits of men! Why really, the sailor has grown suddenly respectable; silks and satins, fuss and feathers have lowered, and tar and canvass, heart and honesty have risen in demand. In a word, the society of *sailors* is being sought after. Public meetings for sailors, with sailors, and where sailors are to take part, are well attended. And persons who a few weeks since stood aghast at the idea of attending church where sailors congregate, lately have been there seen, and have come to the conclusion that it is not so disreputable after all. Truly this is a world of changes!

But stay, my thought, this is not wonderful at all, for the Holy Spirit has been poured out upon us, and when this comes to pass, we always are made to feel more or less that we are all of one blood. In fact, I think that there is but one wonder in this world, and that is, that God has mercy at all.

A wonder that thousands attend prayer meetings—that churches are crowded—that "Awful Gardners" are converted, and that hard cases of sailors are turned unto the Lord?—Not at all. Is not the Lord God omnipotent, and does not the blood of Jesus Christ cleanse from *all sin*? If there is any wonder in this whole matter, it is, that moralists and the self righteous are being converted. Above all classes, such come the nearest to being hopeless. And this is one of the changes seen in this day,—the "awful" are less sighed over, as hopeless; and the stuck up, the fashionable and the proud, are more weepingly regarded by Christians.

Yes, the sailor is now prayed for by many, who never prayed for him before, and regarded with hope; while those who boast of being respectable, and are valued according to the sail they carry, are beginning to be looked upon as not of so much consequence after all, and not so likely to enter into the kingdom of heaven. J. B. R.

Philadelphia, April 4.

[For the Sailor's Magazine.]

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

"Your prayers and tears are locked in my heart."
S. H. DeK.

Can such a blessing ever be forgotten? Go ask the proud senator as he thunders in the capitol, if his mother's gentle voice, in accents sweet, as it went up to God in childhood's hour for him, has passed from his memory. Go ask him if, when college days were over, and he launched his bark in confidence on the dangerous sea of life, that praying and devoted one did not give him her purest blessing, ere he turned his footsteps from his childhood's home. Ask him! Ah, his voice will falter, and that eagle eye will brighter glow, and memory answer—yes.

Go to the missionary on India's burning shores, or Afric's land of darkness, and he will tell you of his mother far away. He will tell you that the memory of her prayer has buoyed him up many times when his spirit has wandered back to the place where he first saw light, and his heart yearned to hear that voice and prayer once more.

Go to the heart broken exile whom tyrants have driven from his own land, go to him and whisper "mother."—His sad voice will murmur, "Oh! loved one, thy precious prayer is with me still."

"My mother's prayer will protect and admonish me evermore," thought Arthur Wellington, as he stood upon the deck of the *America* and saw his native land fade from his sight. The warm October sun was setting, and the glittering rays tinged the broad ocean with their purple hue, and twilight came apace, yet Arthur still lingered gazing eagerly at the distant spot from which the last line of home

had faded. In sadness he looked fondly landward, until the sound of the tea bell called him away. He entered the saloon of the ocean palace, and looked upon the strangers gathered there who were to be the companions of his voyage. He looked about him to find a pleasing face, and was immediately attracted towards a little girl of not more than three summers. He placed the fair haired child beside him, and tried to amuse her with some "bon bons." They were soon friends, for childhood knows nothing of mistrust.

Little Ellie, for such was her name, was delighted to have some one amuse her. She looked into Arthur's face and told him of her dear mother, father and baby brother. She talked a long time of her father in England, and that they were going to meet him. "Why my dear," said Arthur, "are you here alone." "No, we are under the care of the Captain," said Ellie. "Well," said Arthur, "you will let me help take care of you, and you will tell me of your home and all you love." "Yes," said Ellie, tossing back her glossy curls, "I would rather talk to you of my home than to play a long time."

Then she told him of her beautiful home, and of the kind ones she had left behind. She told him of the agonizing parting of her dear mother from her friends, and how very ill she had been since she came on shipboard. Then she turned her heaven-lit eyes to Arthur and said, "there is a home beyond the bright blue skies, where partings come no more." "Ah!" said Arthur, "dear child who taught you of that home!" "God and my mother," whispered Ellie. "My mother strokes my hair at night and tells me of a bright land far away, then with her own sweet voice, she prays to 'Our Father' to bless little Ellie."

The big tears rolled down Arthur's cheeks as the child reminded him of what he had been himself blessed with by his own mother, who had passed from earth to a better home. Arthur was a wanderer and alone, for the cold grave had closed over his only remaining parent, but a few days ere he left his native land.

Ellie's silvery voice and fervent

earnestness had done much to comfort him, and before they parted for the night his sad spirit was calm, and his heart happy.

The waves rolled high, and the mighty ship seemed like a speck on the wild waters. Hearts beat quick and fast. Thoughts of burning and wrecked vessels rushed into all minds. And they who had never felt nor prayed before, poured their broken accents now to that God whom amid the bright calm sunshine, they seemingly abhorred.

"What is it, what is it," said Arthur, as he grasped the pillow near his state room. At that moment a fairy like form flitted by. It is Ellie Clifton! She heard her name spoken, and recognizing his voice, cried, "Come to my mother, Mr. Arthur, come quickly, she is dying!" He caught the child in his arms, and rushed to her mother's couch.— "What a contrast," thought Arthur, as he looked upon the pale face of Mrs. Clifton, and that of the rosy looking English nurse.

Bright angels were there on that stormy night. Arthur held the hand of Mrs. Clifton and bathed her burning brow and the destroying angel stayed his hand.

The passengers rejoiced when the voyage was over, and the travelers parted. But not all.

Mr. Clifton pressed his angel wife and darling children to his bosom, and turned to thank Arthur for his attention. Ellie looked into her father's face and said in her flute like voice "love Mr. Arthur for he has been so good to us." Then she told him of the awful night on which she supposed her mother to be dying.— Mrs. Clifton was about to speak when Arthur said, "that is with the holy past, let us remember it only as a memorial of love."

The car bell sounded, and the travelers hurried to and fro. In a moment all were gone, and Arthur Wellington was alone. May kind blessings follow thee, lone wanderer. Your own loved mother's prayer is in your memory, and Ellie's mother prays at morning's call and twilight hour for thee.

ROSAMOND PERCY.

MISCELLANY.

FRUITS OF THE MINISTRY FOR SEAMEN.

The work of the Bethel ministry has in it this disadvantage and unsatisfactory element—that they cannot, in the same degree as other clergymen, point to and produce individuals who, coming forward, shall, in the face of the community, attribute their conversion to their instrumentality, and give evidence of the reality of the change by a consistent life. They cannot, so to speak, string their fish, and, holding them up before their neighbors and the community, exclaim: “See how many I have taken!” A most singular commentary upon this is the fact, that of fifty individuals who have, during the past year, either found peace in Christ, or gone to sea with such deep convictions, such thorough and scriptural views of duty, and in the habit of prayer, as to give the strongest ground for hope respecting them, only two have remained on shore a sufficient length of time after their conversion to admit of their making a profession of faith, without unseemly and perilous haste. One propounded, left before admission. Of five who are to unite with the church at the next communion, not one is at present a seaman. Thus, while the ministers and members of other churches are watching the lambs of their flocks, and instructing them from the pulpit; while the strength of parental influence, and all the methods Christian love can devise to prop and water the newly planted tree, are brought to operate upon our young Christian brethren, these children of the deep have gone out—their hearts warm with a new hope—to sail for months upon the ocean, with the reckless and profane, without a word of advice or sympathy. Yet we trust, that He who guides the sea-bird to his nest over the trackless waste of ocean, and controls the mysterious forces of the deep, will more than supply the want,—will return them to us purified, not degraded; strengthened, not weakened by the trial and the conflict. Should they make their bed in the ocean grave, with the billows for a winding sheet, and the lonely winds

for a requiem, or on some foreign shore perish, friendless and alone, though their names be found upon no record of a Christian church, yet may they be written by the finger of the Eternal in the Book of Life,—like Him who, from that cross of suffering, his lips unconscious of the sacramental bread, his body unwashed by the water of baptism, went to receive the crown of eternal glory.

THE CLAIMS OF THE SAILOR.

It is sometimes said, in reply to those who press the claims of seamen upon the community: “Why did not Christ, when he was upon earth, give us more specific directions in regard to the seaman’s cause, if it is so important? Why did not Christ and his Apostles erect Bethels?” I will tell you why. The time had not come; and he has given us eyes to watch the signs of the times and the spiritual horizon. “Ye can discern the face of the sky; can ye not also discern the signs of the times?” The Bible is not a book for one era, but for all eras.—In it, God has sketched the work of his servants for ages to come; and as the generations of Christians come up to these several periods, they assume their respective shares of the labor. Christ, when he chose so many of his disciples from the sea, by that very act foretold the future duty and distinction of the church at this day. He came to establish the gospel kingdom in this world, and had the ocean been what it now is, instead of a vast, desolate abyss, unfurrowed, to any extent, by the keel, its silence unbroken save by the roll of the thunder or the dash of restless waves, he would not have hazarded that light which was to enlighten the world in lanterns swinging from mast heads over unstable waters. It was not meet that the establishment of the gospel should be committed to those who, themselves wanderers, and having no certain dwelling-place, could not, therefore, give permanence to any thing,—found or foster any institution of learning, or push forward any great enterprise to completion, which requires the efforts of the same minds and the same means

through long periods of time. He took from the sea that which the gospel and the world required, and which the ocean had to bestow—*men*; men who had the pith and the power to suffer and to execute; and from them formed the storming party which should lead the attack in the first great attempt to scale the bulwark of error. He left it as a legacy to the churches which should be by them gathered, that when the solitudes of the ocean should be filled with a population of their own, its bottom surveyed, its depths registered, its currents classified, its very storms reduced to laws, and an artery, throbbing with the life-blood and thought of a hemisphere, growing in its vast depths, that then the church and the land should repay the debt previously incurred to the men of the sea,—that then the churches should let the light, kindled by the mariners, stream out upon the waters. That time has now come; that debt is due, and overdue; and if you would not be protested, Christian brethren, in that Court from which there is no appeal, we call upon you to encourage not only by your contributions, but by your prayers and sympathy, those who are your agents in thus carrying out the original principle of the Gospel of Christ.

We have said, that in the time of Christ, there was no necessity for any particular adaptation of the gospel to seamen as a class, since they were neither numerous, nor separated by long voyages and peculiar habits of life from the rest of the community, as they now are; and I have often heard professed Christians, of the "old red sand stone" type, aver that it is so now. They see plainly enough that the heathen will perish without the gospel, and as they cannot obtain it for themselves, admit that they must give it to them—and this they are willing to do. But sailors, they say, are among privileges and sanctuaries; the Bread of Life is before them; they can help themselves. They can help themselves, can they? So have I seen during the past hard winter, a poor emaciated wretch gazing into the windows of a brilliantly illuminated bread store, his lips close pressed to the glass, while but a thin pane of

brittle material, which he could have shivered with a blow of his fist, separated him from that which would have appeased his raging hunger. Why does he not break it in? Because there is a mightier, though invisible barrier, that restrains him—the power of law. Thus there are laws of social life,—of caste, culture and position,—which separate seamen from the churches; they cannot go if they would, they would not if they could. Suppose twenty-five seamen from Calcutta, with beard and hair of a hundred and thirty days' growth, hammocks, canvas-bags, sheath-knives, chests lashed up with tarred rigging, redolent of bilge water, a monkey or two, and three or four parrots, should drive up to the Revere House in a North-end wagon, and say: "We want to stop here; our money is as good as any body's,"—would they stop there? Would their money be as good as any body's? I trow not. Let them, repulsed from the Revere, go to the Marlboro',—a temperance, pious house—prayers night and morning, and tell the proprietor if he does not take them in, they must go to a place that leads to the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's hell—would they be taken in there, think you?

This shows very clearly the need of a "Sailor's Home," does it not?—where no temptations are placed before seamen, only inducements to lead sober and godly lives. The Seaman's Church grows out of the same necessity as the Seaman's Home. I can tell you that proximity is not possession; that looking through glass windows at bread does not satisfy hunger. I tell you that North Street and Purchase Street, the docks, and the seamen who congregate there, though geographically but a few minutes' walk from the churches, are in reality more distant than the islands of the South Pacific; and were it not for the Bethel operations, these seamen separated from Christian sanctuaries, by barriers more impassable than the broad Atlantic by the Cape of Storms, would remain heathen in a Christian land.

And now, as we hope you are satisfied that the sailor needs a peculiar adaptation of the means of grace to him, may we not entreat you, for the

love of Jesus and perishing souls, to pray more for the sailor this year than you ever did before? We would invite those of our brethren who reside in different parts of the country, if they are in the city on the third Sabbath of the month, to come into our monthly concert of prayer for seamen, at the Mariner's Church, corner of Summer and Federal streets, and with us pray for them. We have seen the tears stream down the cheeks of sailors when a friend from the country came into our meeting, with his heart full of sympathy and love, and told of the interest felt for the sailor in his distant place of abode.

[From 30th Report, Boston S. F. Soc.]

RINGS AROUND THE EARTH.

Our readers will no doubt remember that in our notice of the "Japan Expedition," we mentioned the discovery, by the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Jones, of a ring surrounding the earth, similar, as it is supposed, to the rings of Saturn, and which has heretofore been known as the *zodiacal light*. This conclusion has been variously received, but is accepted by the leading astronomers of Europe. In a recent lecture delivered in Manchester, England, by Prof. Nichol, LL.D., one of the first living astronomers, he remarks as follows:—*Calendar*.

"The subject treated upon had reference chiefly to the rings of Saturn, and other analogous phenomena. He referred to an observation made in the introductory lecture, respecting there being a ring, or probably several rings round the earth. What had hitherto been called the *zodiacal light* was only visible here in the form of a cone, but an American astronomer, who had gone to Japan and other favorable points to investigate the subject, found that the cone opened out and extended across the heavens from horizon to horizon, and that he had, by observation during the night, seen about three-fourths of the circle. This observer found that we had only been looking at the ring as we might do at a hoop held edgewise, thus making it assume a conical form. The learned professor said that the theory previously held, that the *zodiacal*

light proceeded from a nebulous ring round the sun, was thought to be premature, and that the appearance came from a great nebulous ring surrounding the earth. He explained, by means of a diagram, that we should see the rays from this ring reflected more strongly from our horizon than at its points higher up in the heavens. No ring round the sun could explain this appearance, but one round the earth would entirely. They were forced also to the conclusion that it was not one ring only, but several. Its distance was about one hundred thousand miles; its breadth fifty-two thousand miles; its depth was not yet known; the mass of matter in it must be enormous, and no doubt it was fulfilling some important function in regard to the earth and the solar system. The composition of Saturn's ring was then discussed, and an account given of the changes which have been noticed in them by various observers.

From the dynamical conclusion of Laplace, combined with the changes ascertained, the lecturer drew the inference that the rings have no coherence; that they are neither vapor nor fluid; and gave as a theory of their constitution, that they are composed of millions of asteroids, circulating round the planet; the bright parts being where they are most thickly strewed, and the dark lines the absence of them. There was a faint slaty-colored ring seen within the others, and this appeared to be gradually approaching the planet. It had approached at the rate of fifty miles a year; latterly at about eighty miles a year; and if it increased to one hundred miles a year, it would reach the planet itself in one hundred and eighty years."

WHO FIRST DISPLAYED OUR NATIONAL FLAG ON THE THAMES?

Several of the Massachusetts papers have been discussing this question of late. The honor is claimed both for a Newburyport vessel and the "Bedford" of Nantucket. A correspondent of the *Inquirer* adduces the following evidence in favor of the latter.

"I have been favored with a peru-

sal of a letter written by the late venerable William Rotch, Jr., of New Bedford, formerly of Nantucket, one of the merchant princes of America, and a fine old Quaker gentleman of the old school. He was, as will be noticed, one of the owners of the Bedford. The letter was in reply to one in regard to the ship *Maria*, now of New Bedford, but then of Nantucket, which was claimed as being the first to display the American flag in England. She belonged to the same owners, but was not built until the very last of 1782, and went to Nantucket early in 1783, at which time the Bedford was lying in the Downs.

NEW BEDFORD, 8th mo. 3d, 1842.

Dear Friend:—In reply to thy letter of the 21st ult., received last evening, I shall state the following facts to the best of my recollection.

My father had a vessel built by Ichabod Thomas, at North River, just before the revolution, for himself and Champion & Dickson of London, for the London trade. After the war commenced, she laid at Nantucket several years, until a license was procured for her to go to London, with a cargo of oil, Timothy Folger, commander. Several gentlemen from Boston took passage in her, among whom were the late Gov. Winthrop, Thomas K. Jones, — Hutchinson, and some others, whose names I do not recollect.

In 1781, Admiral Digby granted thirty licenses for our vessels to go after whales. I was then connected with my father and S. Rodman in business; considerable oil was obtained in 1782. In the fall of that year I went to New York, and procured from Admiral Digby licenses for the Bedford, William Mooers master, and I think the *Industry*, John Chadwick master. They loaded; the Bedford sailed first, and arrived in the Downs the 23d of February, the day of the signing of the preliminary Treaty of Peace between the United States, France and England, and went up to London, and there displayed the United States flag for the first time. The *Industry* arrived afterwards, and, I suppose, was the second to display it.

The widow of George Hayley, who did much business with New England, would visit the old Bedford, and see

the flag displayed. She was a sister of the celebrated John Wilkes.

We sent the sloop *Speedwell*, Jas. Whipple, to Aux Cayes; she was taken and carried to Jamaica, but the captain was released one day after. By the Treaty the war ceased in that latitude, and she was released when she showed the first United States flag. On her arrival home everything was very low by the return of peace. We put on board 200 boxes candles, and with William Johnson, (whose widow I learn now lives at Quaise,) as supercargo, sent her to Quebec, where was the first U. S. flag exhibited.

Should thee wish any further information within my recollection, I will freely communicate it.

I am, with love to thy wife

Thy affectionate friend,

WM. ROTCH, Jr.

I think this evidence is conclusive, that to William Mooers, of the ship Bedford, of Nantucket, belongs the honor of having first unfurled the flag of the United States within the waters of England. Captain Mooers was a man of great worth and experience, and one of his immediate descendants is connected by marriage with one of the most honored and respected of Boston's merchant princes."

In addition to the above correspondent of the *N. B. Mercury* furnishes the following from Barnard's History of England. The year and the month of the arrival of the Bedford in the Downs are the same in both statements. The letter of Mr. Rotch says she arrived on the 23d, the history places the event nearly three weeks earlier.

"1783. On the third day of Feb., the ship Bedford, Capt. Moors, belonging to the Massachusetts, arrived in the Downs, passed Gravesend the fourth and was reported at the Custom House the sixth. She was not allowed regular entry until some consultation had taken place between the Commissioners of the Customs and the Lords of the Council, on account of the many acts of Parliament yet in force against the rebels in America. She was loaded with five hundred and

eighty-seven butts of whale oil, manned wholly by American seamen, and belonged to the island of Nantuckett, in Massachusetts. The vessel lay at

Horseley-down, a little below the Tower, and was the first which displayed the *Thirteen Stripes of America* in any British port."

NEW-YORK, AUGUST, 1858.

SHALL THE DEBT BE PAID?

We cheerfully insert the following appeal in behalf of our sister society, and endorse it as worthy of the consideration of the benevolent public.

It is not right that institutions laboring under so many difficulties growing out of the nature of their work, as the societies for the improvement of seamen, should be left to struggle along under a load of debt. The wealth of a city which commerce has made what it is, ought to remove such burdens. It may not be improper to say in this connection, that the Am. S. F. Society is deeply encumbered in the same way. The erection and furnishing of the Sailor's Home, an institution which has been the birth-place of hundreds of souls, entailed a debt on this Society which has ever since weighed heavily on its resources and usefulness. At the present time the Home is undergoing extensive repairs, which had become indispensably necessary, involving considerable expense. While we rejoice in the liberality which has furnished so large a sum to provide a commodious and beautiful church for seamen, and hope it may continue till it is wholly paid for, we also bespeak a similar liberality in behalf of the Home. Without a safe boarding house in port, it is in vain that religious privileges are provided for seamen. Few, comparatively, can be gathered out of haunts of the land-sharks into the place of prayer,—and if compelled to return to them, the few that do so attend are little likely to be perman-

ently benefited. If a single aspiration for a better life be kindled at the former, it is almost immediately smothered in the foul and reeking atmosphere of vice that surrounds the latter.

It is proper to add that the American S. F. Society, notwithstanding its embarrassments, has for many years aided the Port Society in sustaining the Mariner's Church, appropriating to them out of the collections received in this port, about \$1,000 per annum.

THE MARINERS' CHURCH.

The Port Society was organized forty years ago, and it is not too much to say that probably no similar institution has been more useful.

It sustains the Mariner's Church and other missionary labors among seamen. A band of laborers visit the shipping and boarding houses on the Sabbath, and kindly invite seamen to the sanctuary; and thus, during the past year, more than 3,600 careless sons of the ocean have been brought under the influence of the Gospel, in addition to the increasing numbers that have voluntarily come.

The church, corner of Madison and Catherine streets, Rev. Charles J. Jones, pastor, was organized March, 1856, and now numbers over 300 members, whose influence for good is felt in every part of the world. In the purchase of our new church building, which is regarded as advantageous in every respect, the Board incurred a debt of \$14,000. A little more than a year ago, Anson G. Phelps, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, wrote an appeal for funds, and subscribed \$500, but he has gone to his reward. Another gentleman was waited upon a few days since, and wrote under the above, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,—Go

and do thou likewise," and added his name for \$500. Other friends have done nobly, but we have realized as yet but \$8,500, leaving \$5,500 to be raised.

Now there are many in this city who have not been called upon, that can send us their fives, tens, fifties, or hundreds; others scattered through the length and breadth of our land, fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters of those who come here to go down to the sea in ships, and are taken by the hand and cared for, can aid the good work by sending their donations however small.

Address, L. P. HUBBARD, Sec'y,
Port Society, 80 Wall st., N. Y.

CAPT. T. V. SULLIVAN.

We regret to learn that the Missionary at large, in Boston, Capt. T.V.

Sullivan, who has labored for the past ten years with so much self-denial, zeal and success among seamen in that city, has, by over exertion, entirely lost his voice, for the time at least, and much impaired his health.

By the advice of physicians, he is about to travel West and South in the hope of regaining his strength. He has been commissioned as Agent for the Sailor's Magazine during his journey. We commend him to the friends of the sailor, hoping many of them will aid both him, and a good cause, by subscribing for it, and extending its circulation in the community. We think they will find such benevolence abundantly remunerative.

NAVAL JOURNAL.

DISASTERS FOR JUNE.

STEAMER.

Steamer New York, (Br.) from Glasgow to New York. Loss \$250,000.

SHIPS.

Wales, from Sunderland to Madras. Loss \$25,000.

Knickerbocker, from Liverpool to New Orleans. Loss \$65,000.

Grand Duchess, from New York to Liverpool, burnt. Loss \$95,200.

Albert Franklin, from Calcutta to Hong Kong, abandoned. Loss \$25,000.

Courser, from Fuh Chau to New York. Loss \$270,000.

BARK.

Manto, from Surinam to Boston, burnt. Loss \$4,900.

BRIGS.

Hebron, (Br.) from Maitland, N. S., to Boston. Loss \$4,000.

Martha Kendall, from St. John, N. B., to Havana. Loss \$7,000.

Leontine, from Philadelphia to Salem. Sunk after collision. Loss \$5,000.

Cygnat, from St. Thomas to Baltimore. Loss \$8,000.

American, from Alexandria to Boston. Loss \$4,000.

SCHOONERS.

Zorilda, from Fisherman to Bremen.—Sunk after collision. Loss \$800.

Oreenda, from Portland to Alexandria. Loss \$5,000.

St. Mary's, (Br.) from Calais to Boston. Loss \$4,000.

Virginia, fr. Charleston to Cienfuegos. Loss \$12,000.

Mary Groton, from Boston to Cape Breton. Loss \$4,000.

Malakoff, from Wilmington, N. C., to Cardenas. Loss \$11,000.

Laura Bevan, from San Pedro to San Francisco. Missing. Loss \$7,000.

Georgiana, fm. Newburyport to Frankfurt. Loss \$3,000.

Harvest, lost at Brandywine. Loss \$1,500.

Eliza Ann, lost of Sullivan, Me. Loss \$3,000.

SUMMARY.

Steamer	1,	Loss	\$250,200
Ships	5,	"	480,000
Barks	1,	"	4,900
Brigs	5,	"	28,000
Schooners	10,	"	51,300
			<hr/>
			\$814,400

It is gratifying to perceive, that the

aggregate amount of losses for the first six months of the year, is very much less than for the corresponding months of last year. As reported by the *N. Y. Courier & Enquirer*, the two were as follows:—
6 months of 1857, 368 vessels, \$10,232,610
6 " " 169 " 4,818,741

DISASTERS ON WESTERN RIVERS.—The *Louisville Courier* of Saturday, publishes a list of disasters on the Western Rivers, for the six months ending June 30, 1858, of which the following table is a recapitulation.

Boats snagged, &c.,	29
Boats burned,	18
Boats exploded,	6
Collisions,	2
Flatboats lost,	7
Lives lost.	327
Total number of boats lost,	54
Total value of boats and cargo lost,	\$1,069,000

DEATHS OF SEAMEN.

Capt. Robert Beveridge, of ship *Susanne Wilson*, [English.] died at Matanzas, June 20. Robert Newton, cook, and John Harper, seaman, of same vessel, also died.

Jonathan Leland, of schooner *Madagascar*, fell from fore-topmast, and was killed.

Death of Lieut. Brooks of the U. S. Navy.—Lieut. Henry Brooks, said to be the last surviving officer of the Kane Arctic Expedition, died at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn. The *Evening Post* gives the particulars of his death as follows:

Mr. Brooks has for some time been subject to fits of an apoplectic nature. It appears that he was taken with one of these fits, and feeling it approaching, tried to take hold of something near. The fit overtaking him suddenly, he missed his hold, and fell backwards on the pavement, striking his head with so much violence as to break the skull. He was taken to the Naval Hospital, where he expired soon after the above occurrence.

Mr. Brooks was one of the men who composed the Kane Expeditions, and was Dr. Kane's first Lieutenant. In the navy, he held the post of boatswain, which he retained in the Navy Yard till his death. Since the return of the expedition from the Arctic regions, Mr. Brooks has not been to sea, being disabled by losing his toes by the frost. He was in the possession of medals from Queen Victoria, Lady Franklin, President Buchanan, and others, presented to him for the manner

in which he distinguished himself during the trials of an Arctic winter. Mr. Brooks was of Swedish birth, 45 years of age, and leaves a wife and family.

RECEIPTS

From June 1st to July 1st, 1858.

MAINE.

Bethel, First Cong. Ch.	\$ 3 63
Second " "	5 00
Ellsworth " "	36 50
Goshen, " "	13 51
A Friend,	1 00
Waterville, Cong. Ch. to const.	
Rev. WM. B. GREEN, L. M.	
Do. Bapt. Ch. to const. Rev. N.	
M. WOOD, L. M. [amount acknowledged July No.]	

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Claremont, Cong. Ch.	8 08
Hanover, Dartmouth College to const. Rev. JOHN RICHARDS, D. D., and Prof. E. SANBORN, L. M.,	46 16
Keene Cong. Ch.,—add,	2 42

MASSACHUSETTS.

Athol Cong. Ch. to const. JOHN F. HUMPHREY, L. M.,	20 00
Barre, Cong. Ch.	14 80
Hadley, Young Ladies' S. F. Society, 1st. Ch., to const. GEO. W. MORTON, GEO. B. SMITH & THOMAS P. WEST, L. Ms,	50 00
North Danvers, Cong. Ch.,	13 00
Newbury, Byfield Ch.	12 66
Newburyport, 1st Pres. Ch., to cons. ELIZABETH H. RICHARDS, L. M.	32 10
Orange, S. School,	11 00
Petersham, Mr. Wilson,	25
Sippican, Cong. Ch.,	14 00
Shrewsbury, Cong. Ch.	39 00
West Brookfield, Cong. Ch.	20 07
West Boylston, Cong. ch.	15 94

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Beneficent ch. \$20 from J. B. Nichols, to const. Hon. RALPH GILBERT, L. M.,	110 50
Do. Richmond Street ch.	24 00
Do. S. S. Wadsworth,	2 00
Do. St. John's Prot. Epis. ch.	87 00
Do. Members of 1st church,	70 00
Do. Waterman Street Bapt. ch.	32 00

CONNECTICUT.

Bridgeport, First Cong. Ch. to const. HENRY W. CHATFIELD and LEVI WORDIN, L. Ms.	50 68
Do. Second Cong. Ch.,	22 69
Hartford, I. Glazier,	25
Do. Union Meeting, Fourth Ch.	34 27

Middlefield, Rev. T. A. Lovejoy.	1 00
New Haven, ROSEITA MITCHELL, once a slave, to const. herself L. M.	6 00
North Haven, Cong. Ch.,	26 00
Westport, Cong. Ch. S. S.,	20 14

NEW YORK.

BROOKLYN, Clinton Ave. Cong. Ch., \$20 from JAMES HUTCH- INSON, Esq., self, L. M.,	141 78
Dryden, Courtland and Homer, to const. Wm. G. HUBBARD, & Rev. THOS. D. WIRE, L. Ms.	44 89
East New York Ref. Dutch Ch., to const. Miss PHEBE A. RYE- SON and Mrs. ANSON F. MUNX, L. Ms.	40 09
Ithaca, Pres. Ch., to const. Rev. T. D. HUNT, L. M.,	36 19
Do. Ref. Dutch Ch., to const. Rev. J. W. SCHENCK, L. M.,	20 00
Jasper, Friends,	1 00
Phelps, Citizens,	4 00
Trumansburg Pres. Ch., to cons. Miss MARY CAMP, L. M.,	20 00
Wappinger's Falls, Mr. Os- born's family,	2 00
Newburgh, 1st Associate Ref. Ch.	21 43
Do. Ref. Prot. Ch.	16 00
New Rochelle, by Mrs. Lester,	8 50
New York City, Steamer Adria- tic, Missionary Box,	2 40
Do. Fourteenth St. Pres. Ch.,	300 51
P. Perit, to const. Rev. ISAAC S. DAVISON, L. M.,	20 00

NEW JERSEY.

Freehold, B. F. Randolph, Esq.	2 00
Milburne, Sunday School,	16 36
Orange, First Pres. Ch.	55 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Chambersburg, Geo. Chambers,	1 00
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ALABAMA.

Clinton, Pres. Ch. to const. Rev. A. P. SILLIMAN, L. M.,	30 00
Gainsville, Pres. Ch., to const. Rev. CHAS. A. STILLMAN, L. D. and Mrs. MARTHA STILLMAN, L. M.,	80 00
Do. Bapt. Ch., to const. Rev. Wm. HOWARD, L. M.,	33 00
T. REAVIS, self, L. M.,	20 00
Friends,	20 75
Greensboro', Pres. Ch., to cons. Rev. JAMES C. MITCHELL, L. D. and Mrs. N. MITCHELL, L. M.,	80 00
Do. Meth. Epis. Ch., to cons. Rev. SHAPARD, L. M.,	41 50
Friends,	8 00
Pleasant Ridge, Pres. Ch., to cons. Rev. J. P. McMULLEN, L. D.,	50 00

MISSISSIPPI.

Aberdeen, RICHARD HENRY BEC- KET, L. M., by his father,	20 00
R. B. BARKER, L. M.,	20 00
JOHN L. LEWIS, L. M., by his father,	20 00
THOMAS BRANDON, L. M.,	20 00
Meth. Epis. Ch. to const. Mrs. MARY E. CROUCH, L. M.,	20 00
Pres. Ch. to const. Rev. JO- SEPH BARDWELL, L. M.,	20 00
Bapt. Ch., to const. Rev. —	
BARRY, L. M.,	20 25
Individuals,	13 00
Wm. A. McMILLAN, L. M.	20 00

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Rev. J. Rowell, to const. Mrs. MARY P. STEVENS & Miss LUCY E. ABRAMS, L. M.,	40 00
Mrs. J. Rowell, to const. DAVID U. CORWINE & Mrs. M. E. CORWINE, L. M.,	40 00

IOWA.

Manchester, Cong. Ch.,	1 00
	\$2,254 68

*Receipts into the Treasury of the Penn-
sylvania S. P. Society for June, 1858.
Rev. Geo. Hughes, Sec.*

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

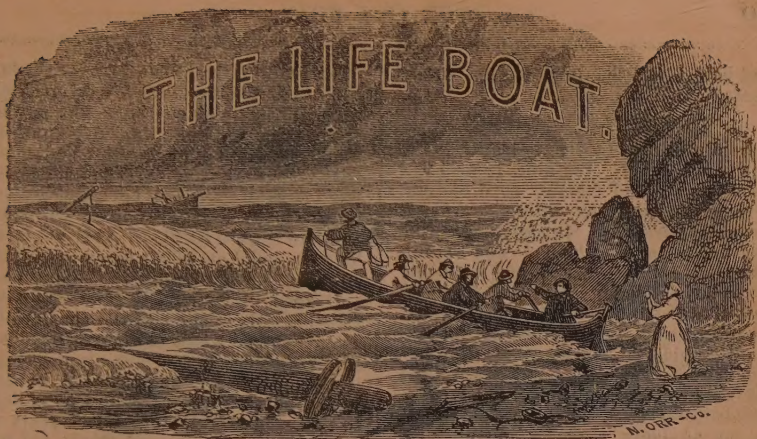
Washington City, 2d Presb. Ch.,	11 00
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NEW JERSEY.

Gloucester City, Union Meeting in M. E. Ch.,	3 50
Pennsgrove, M. E. Ch.,	14 37
Pennsville, " " in part,	12 00
Salem, M. Ep. Ch., to make Rev. S. VANSANT, L. M.,	27 00
" Baptist. Ch.,	10 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Phila., 3d Ref. Dutch Ch., add.	5 00
3d Presb. Ch., subscriptions in part, including A. WILDIN, \$20, to const. himself L. M.	
A. S. F. S.,	66 50
Disciples' Ch., Phila.,	8 14
JOHN A. BROWN, to make him- self L. D.,	50 00
D. W. Denison,	10 00
THOMAS EARP, to make himself L. M.,	20 00
C. C. LATHROP, to make himself L. M.,	20 00
W. Martin,	5 00
Seamens' Saving Fund,	20 00
J. B. Steelman,	5 00
Ref. Dutch Ch., North & South- ampton, additional,	10 75
	\$299 18



August, 1858. Published by the Amer. Seamen's Friend Society. No. 8.

THE LITTLE CANDLE.

Cheerful the little work girl sat,
And swift her needle flew,
While the dark shadows of the night
Their gloom around her threw.

"I must be quick," she musing said,
"My little candle wanes,
And swiftly must my task go on,
While yet its light remains."

And then she plied with rapid skill
The little shining steel,
And every ray of that small light
Smiled on her patient zeal.

Ere the last glimmer died away
Her task was neatly done;
Sweet was her rest, and joy to her,
Came with the morning sun.

Ah! is not life a little light
That soon will cease to burn?
And should we not from that dear girl,
A solemn lesson learn.

While yet the little candle shines,
Be all our powers employed;
And, while we strive to do our tasks,
Life shall be best enjoyed.

But let us ne'er, in darken'd hours,
Forget what Christ hath done,
But patient, in sweet hope await
The glorious RISING SUN.

SAILORS' TESTIMONY.

Nothing shows the divine power of the Gospel more than the testimony of those who have felt its efficacy,—often in the most adverse circumstances. Such testimony is the following, given by sailors in the present revival.

"GOD PICKED ME UP."

One sailor said: "I am a poor sea-faring man, and yet my heart is full of praise to God. The Bible is the first book that I ever bought, and on that account I often suffered persecution from my shipmates, who laughed and asked what was the use of the book to me, as I could not read it; but blessed be God, who gave me an interpreter to its truths. I have followed the sea for the last 22 years; I have been through some terrible scenes in that time; I have had to leave four ships and struggle with the waves for my life, but God has picked me up. I don't wonder, my friends, that you rejoice to-day; but let me tell you, that's the time to prove the love of a Saviour when he can pick you up from the middle of the Atlantic."

"MY ONLY REGRET."

Another said: "I am a young convert, though I am old in years. I can feel with my brother who has just taken his seat, for I have been a sailor for 40 years. About two years ago, I heard a sermon in this church from the text, 'Grieve not the Spirit,' and something said to me then, it would be the last call I should ever have from the Spirit of God; and now I can stand up before you, and thank God for his goodness to me. The only thing I regret is, that I did not give my heart to God in my youthful days. When I look back upon my past life, I am surprised that I should have been spared, sinful as I was; but God did spare me, when I have had to strip off my clothes and swim fifteen miles for my life. He preserved me in a little boat fourteen feet long, in the Western Ocean;

and now I feel the love of God in my heart."

"MY SISTER'S SAVIOUR."

Said a third: "I wish to testify to the power of prayer. For nine years I was from home, 'mid dangers seen and unseen, such as the poor sailor only knows. I was reckless and sin-hardened. One day the vessel in which I was sailing came into our harbor, and for a few hours I was home again. It had been for years supposed that I was dead, yet an attached sister never had given me up, but constantly told her mother that 'Joseph' would some day come home again; and also that she expected to see him a Christian before he died. Her faithful appeals to me to leave my sins and cling to Jesus, and her promise, upon leaving home again, that for every line I wrote she would send me six, made me feel that no longer must I stay away from my sister's Saviour, which resulted in my falling upon my knees between the guns while my mates were swinging in their hammocks, and I gave myself to Jesus; and to-day I rejoice, with the whole family of nine, in the love of Christ. Mothers, sisters, pray on! hope on!"

SELF-DENIAL—RARE LIBERALITY.

How few know anything of real sacrifice for the cause of Christ! Those of our readers who flatter themselves that they have done something worthy of mention, for his cause, are invited to read the following extract of a letter recently sent by a Bank Cashier to the Treasurer of the A. S. F. S.

"Rosetta Mitchell, a colored woman—once a slave but now free—and with a large heart for humanity—sends for the benefit of the poor sailor the enclosed FORTY-SIX dollars, the earnings of hard worn but free hands."

We shall labor in the cause of the sailor with fresh hope, as we find it consecrated in the love and prayers of hearts so noble as this.

MEMORY.—EIGHTEEN YEARS SINCE.

Philadelphia, May 22d, 1858.

To-day a man stood up in the noon-day prayer meeting of the Mariners' Church, Water Street, and in substance thus said:—"Eighteen years since I was

in this place, about to go forth for the first time upon the ocean as a wild, reckless sailor. In passing out, some one put into my hands a Sailor's Magazine, in which was a covenant that a sailor had made with God, to love and serve him. About one year afterward, that covenant became mine. I am to-day a hoping Christian, and find it good so to be. I am not a sailor now, but I am about again to go forth far away.—Go on, brethren,—pray on."

It was a little thing to hand that man a Sailor's Magazine, but see the results. That God with whom the sailor covenanted, has become dear to him also who read it, and even the spot, the old Bethel, where he received the Magazine is dear to him,—so dear, that eighteen years of wandering over the earth could not banish it from his heart.

Who does not aspire to the luxury of striving to save souls from death?

How readily the heart which is alive to this luxury will devise means! Such an one will be instant in season, and will not have to take up with the doleful lamentation—"I have lost my life—I have been of no use in the world."

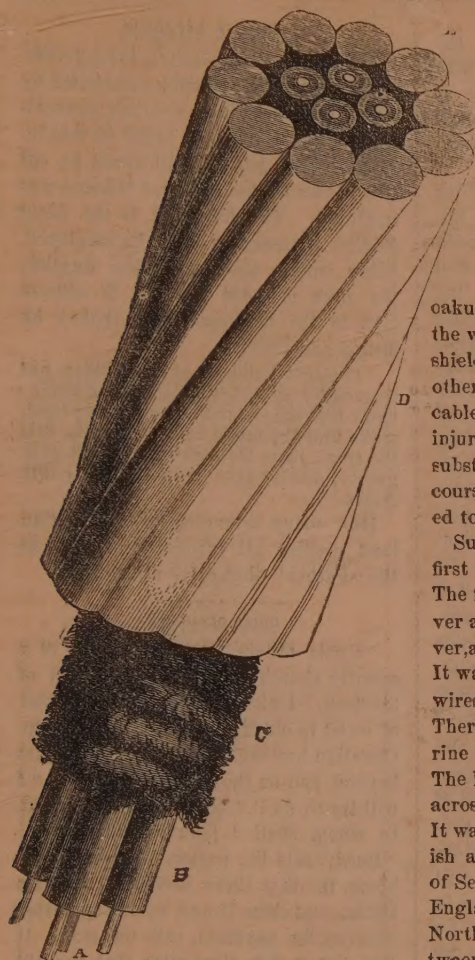
"He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

J. B. R.

A NOVEL REQUEST.

Forty-five seamen and marines, on board of the U. S. ship Wabash, recently sent a written request to the Chaplain of a naval station on shore to be remembered in the prayers of Christians. These men had for a time been stationed on board the receiving ship North Carolina, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where a precious work of grace has been enjoyed. On being transferred to the Wabash they declared it to be their purpose to "stand up for Jesus" in all circumstances. If permitted they intended to maintain daily prayer meetings on board, and it was in the same spirit that they sent ashore the request above mentioned. *Will Christians at home remember this request?*

The best sheathing for boats is said to be the lips of a hard drinker, for they never let in water.



THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

All the world is talking about the ocean telegraph. Every body,—at the time we write—is waiting to hear of the success or failure of the great enterprise of laying it on the bed of the sea. We propose meanwhile to give our young readers some account of what it is.

All have seen the telegraph wires which cross the country, hung on poles. It would not do to lay these through the water, for while the air is a non-conductor,—that is, will not allow the electricity to pass off the wire, the water is a good

conductor, and the current could not be confined to the wire passing through it. Accordingly the wire must be coated with something that is a non-conductor.

In our cut, are shown four wires (A) in the center, each of which has a coating of gutta percha around it which is a very perfect non-conductor. (B.) These are then wound with a preparation of oakum in the same substance (C.), and the whole then enclosed within a twisted shield of wires, lying so as to touch each other. (D.) These serve to strengthen the cable and preserve the central wires from injury by rubbing against rocks or other substances at the bottom of the sea. Of course the central wires alone are expected to transmit the current of electricity.

Such was the structure of some of the first telegraphic cables that were made. The first one laid down was between Dover and Calais, across the Straits of Dover, and connecting England with France. It was laid in 1851. It has four central wires, and is twenty four miles long.—There are now in all about thirty submarine telegraphs in operation in the world. The longest is from Varna to Balaklava across the Black Sea, measuring 40 miles. It was constructed for the use of the British and French armies during the siege of Sebastopol. The next longest is from England to Holland, across part of the North Sea, 115 miles. There is one between Dover and Ostend, 75 miles; one crossing the gulf of Saint Lawrence, 7 miles; one between Italy and Corsica, 65 miles, and many shorter ones.

It was thought that a cable constructed like the above was too heavy for the Ocean. Its expense would be needlessly great, and its danger of breaking by its own weight while being laid very imminent. The one made for the Atlantic telegraph is therefore much smaller. The cut on the following page is of the actual size, showing it to be about five-eighths of an inch in diameter. Its central wires are covered with gutta percha, and pre



pared oakum, and the whole wound closely with wire strands, making it strong and flexible, though of comparatively little weight.

This cable, 3012 miles long, is coiled on two immense ships, the Niagara of the United States, and the Agamemnon of the British Navy. The actual distance across from Newfoundland to Ireland is only 1950 miles, leaving 1062 miles for accidents and "slack" while paying out. The two vessels meet midway in the ocean, and joining their respective portions started, the Agamem-

non for Ireland, and the Niagara for America. Great fears are entertained of a failure in laying it. We hope however, that ere this be read by our young friends we shall hear that the work is accomplished, and the Old and New Worlds brought within a few seconds distance of each other. If successful it will be one of the greatest achievements of this age.

P. S.—Intelligence has just arrived of a failure! Whether it be such as to preclude another attempt this season does not appear. Doubtless, however, it will ultimately be accomplished, whether in the methods heretofore employed or by some other, can be determined only by further trials.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

A secular exchange well says: "The boy that feels that his name is mentioned in a good mother's prayers is comparatively safe from vice, and the ruin to which it leads. The sweetest thought that N. P. Willis ever penned grew out of a reference to his pious mother's prayers for him. Tossed by the waves, in a vessel which was bearing homeward, he wrote:

"Sleep safe, O wave-worn mariner,
Nor fear to-night nor storm nor sea!
The ear of Heaven bends low to her;
He comes to shore who sails with me!"

ASKING A BLESSING.

A ship, says the *Honolulu Friend*, visiting the Marquesas Islands, was visited by a native named Natua, recently converted to Christ. While on board he was invited to dine, but no food would he eat till, like his Divine Master, a blessing was implored. The following is the exact English phraseology which he employed, being among those speaking English, the poor man did his best to address God in the language once spoken by Milton and Bacon:

"O Great Fadder! got no fadder, got no modder, got no brodder, got no sister; make first the sea, make first the dry land, make first the moon and stars, make first the trees, then He make man; and now, great Fadder, give man his belly full. Amen!"

How many belonging to a christian land neglect all recognition of God as the "Father" that gives all things!

GOOD SECURITY.

"Uncle Oliver," said a pastor of a country church to an elderly farmer of his flock, "I wish you would carry a load of wood to old Mr. W., the widow of our Christian brother, who lived so long just beyond you on the road to D——." "I will try to do it," said the farmer, "but to whom shall I look for the pay?" "Read," said the pastor, "when you go home, the first three verses of the 41st Psalm, and then, if you want any better security for payment, call on me." It was but a few days after that the old gentleman met his pastor, and said, "I like that security you mentioned, and have no fear that it will fail me in time of need; for my heart so felt the assurance, when reading it, that I could scarcely close my eyes that night."

TERMS OF THE LIFE-BOAT.

To every child who collects for the cause, gratuitous.

To Sab. Schools and congregations, \$6 00 per hundred for the year.

POSTAGE.—When fifty copies or more are ordered to one address the postage will be prepaid by the Society. If less than 50 are ordered, they can be sent only every other month, or the postage must be paid by those receiving them.

If taken at the office, the price will be \$5 00 per hundred per annum.